

A  
T R I P  
T O  
JAMAICA:  
With a True  
CHARACTER  
O F T H E  
People and Island.

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*By the Author of Sot's Paradise.*

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The Third Edition.

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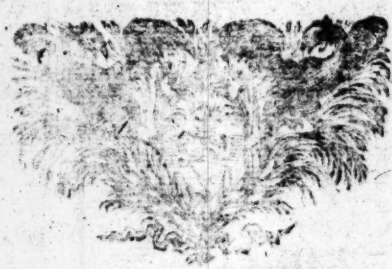
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A  
T R I P  
OF  
JAMAICA  
With a True  
CHARACTER  
OF THE  
People and Manners.

By the Author of 'Gleanings in Europe.'

THE FIRST EDITION.



TO THE  
READER.

**T**HE Condition of an Author is much like that of a Strumpet, both exposing our Reputations to supply our Necessities, till at last we contract such an ill habit, thro' our Practices, that we are equally troubl'd with an Itch to be alwas Doing; and if the reason be requir'd, Why we be-take our selves to so Scandalous a Profession as Whoring or Pamphleteering, the same excusive Answer will serve us both, viz. That the unhappy circumstances of a Narrow Fortune, hath forc'd us to do that for our Subsistence, which we are much asham'd of.

The chiefeft and most commendable Tallent, admir'd in either, is the knack of Pleasing; and He or She amongst us that happily arrives to a Perfection in that sort of Witchcraft, may in a little time (to their great Honour) enjoy the Pleasure of being Celebrated by all the Coxcombs in the Nation.

The only difference between us is, in this perticular, where in the Jilt has the Advantage, we do our Business First, and stand to the Courtesie of our Benefactors to Reward us after; whilst the other, for her Security, makes her Rider pay for his Journey, before he mounts the Saddle.

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## To the Reader.

It is necessary I should say something in relation to the following Matter: I do not therein present you with a formal Journal of my Voyage, or Geographical Description of the Island of Jamaica, for that has been already done by Persons better Quallifi'd for such a Task. I only Entertain you with what I intend for your Diversion, not Instruction; Digested into such a Style as might more your Laughter, not merit your Esteem. I question not but the Jamaica Coffee House will be much affronted at my Character of their Sweetening Chaos, and if I was but as well assur'd of Pleasing every body else, as I am of Displeasing those who have an Interest in that Country, I should not question but the Printer would gain his End, which are the wishes of the Author.

The chiefest and most commendable Talent, which is in the Soul of Man, is the Power of Reason; and the more it is improved, the more it is able to overcome the Passions, and the more it is able to govern the Affections. A little time (to their great Honour) since the Reason of the Nation is celebrated by all the Countries in the Nation.

The only difference between us is, in this particular, that in the first part the Advantage we do our business first and then to the Country of our Residence to know us after, whilst the other, for her security, makes her first for the Journey, before he makes the Voyage.



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A

# T R I P TO

# JAMAICA:



**I**N the times of *Adversity* when *Poverty* was held no *Shame*, and *Piety* no *Virtue*; When *Honesty* in a *Tradesman's* Conscience, and *Money* in his *Counting-House* were as scarce as *Health* in an *Hospital*, or *Charity* in a *Clergyman*. The *Sword* being advanc'd, and the *Pen* silenc'd; *Printers* being too *Poor* to pay down *Copy-Money*, and *Authors* too *Poor* to Trust 'em; *Fools* getting more by hazarding their *Carcasses*, than *Ingenious Men* by imploying their *Wits*; which was well enough observ'd by a *Gentleman*, in these following Lines.

*When Pens were valu'd less than Swords,*  
*And Blows got Money more than Words;*  
*When Am'rous Beaux, and Campaign Bully,*  
*Thru'd by their Fighting and their Folly;*  
*Whilst Men of Parts, as Poor as Rats,*  
*With Mourning Swords and Flapping Hats,*  
*Appear by Night, like Owles and Bats:*  
*Wish Hungry, hast pursuing way,*  
*To Sir John Lend, or Squire Pay,*  
*Till Wit in Rags, and Fool in Feather,*  
*Were joyn'd, by Providence, together.*

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*The one o'er Bottle breaks his Jest,  
 Like Country Parson at a Feast;  
 For which he's Treated and Exalted,  
 By his dear Friend, Sir Looby Dolthead.  
 Unhappy Age, which so in Vice surpasses,  
 That Men of Worth must Worship Golden Asses.*

I being influenc'd by my Stars, with an unhappy propensity to the Conversation of those unlucky kind of *Fortune-Hunters*, till at last, tho' I had no more Wit to boast of than another Man, yet I thar'd the Fate of those that had, and to bear them Company, stragled so far from the Paths of *Profit and Preferment*, into a Wilderness of *Pleasure and Enjoyment*, that I had like to have been stuck fast in a Thicket of Brambles, before I knew whereabouts I was; to clear my self of which, I built me a *Partridge-Gin*, or a *Hare* in a *Partridge-Net*: But before I could free my self from this Entanglement, I had so wounded my self, and stuck so many Thorns in my Side, that I halted homewards like a *Gouty Parson* to an *Election*, or a *Lame Begger* to a *Miser's Funeral*.

These little Afflictions mov'd me to reflect upon my *Mis-pent Time*; and like a *Thief* in a *Goal*, or a *Whore* in a *Flam*, I Resolv'd for the future to Reform my Life, change my Measures, and push my self upon something that might recover those lost Moments, I had hitherto converted to the use of others, and not my self. I now began to peep into the *Business* of the World, and chang'd the Company of those who had nothing to do but *Spend Money*, for the Conversation of such whose practice was to *Get it*.

But I, thro' Inadvertency, neglecting to consult *Doctor Trotter*, or some other *Infallible Predicting Wisaker*, began my Reformation in an unfortunate Minute, when *Usurers* were unbinding their *Fetter'd Trunks*, and breaking up their *Deified Bags* and *Consecrated Sums*, for the security of *Religion*, and the further establishment of *Liberty of Conscience*, without which [*Liberty*] join'd, *Conscience* to them would be of no use. *Tradesmen* grumbling at the *Taxes*, *Merchants* at their *Losses*, most Men complaining for want of *Business*, and all Men in *Business*, for want of *Money*. Every Man upon *Change* looking with as peevish a *Countenance*, as if he had unluckily stumbled upon his *Wife's Failings*, and unhappily become a witness to his own *Cuckoldome*. These I thought but slender Encouragements to a *New Reformist*, who had forsaken *Liberty* for *Restraint*, *Ease* for *Trouble*, *Laziness* for *Industry*, *Wine* for *Coffee*, and the *Pleasures of Witty Conversation*, for the *Plagues* of a *Muddy-Brain'd Society*, who could talk of nothing

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nothing but *Prime Cost* and *Profit*, the *Good Humour* of their *Wives*,  
the *Wittiness* of their *Children*, and the *Unluckiness* of their *Prentices*;  
and knew no more how *Handsomly* to Spend their *Money*, than  
Honesty to Get it.

The *Complaints* of these *Philodenarians*, the *Declination* of *Trade*,  
and the *Scarcity* of *Money*, gave me no more hopes of mending my  
Condition, by pursuing my intended measures, than a *Good Husband*  
has of mending a *Bad Wife* by winking at her *Vices*. I now found  
my self in great danger of a *Relaps*, to prevent which, after two  
or three Gallons of *Derby-Ale* had one day sent my *Wits* a *Woollga-*  
*thering*, and generated as many *Maggots* in my *Brains*, as there are  
*Crotchets* in the *Head* of a *Mustard*, or *Fools* in the *Million Lottery*, I e'en  
took up a *Resolution* to *Travel*, and *Court* the *Blinking Gipsy*  
*Fortune* in another *Country*. I then began to *Consider* what *Cli-*  
*mate* might best suit with my *Constitution*, and what *Part* of the  
*World* with my *Circumstances*; and upon mature *Deliberation*,  
found a *Warm Latitude* would best agree with *Thin Apparel*, and a  
*Money'd Country* with a *Narrow Fortune*; and having often heard  
such extravagant *Encomiums* of that *Blessed Paradise Jamaica*,  
where *Gold* is more plentiful than *Ice*, *Silver* than *Snow*, *Pearl* than  
*Hailstones*, I at last determin'd to make a trial of my *Stars* in that  
*Island*, and see whether they had the same *Unlucky Influence* upon  
me there, as they had, hitherto, in the *Land* of my *Nativity*.

In order to proceed my *Voyage*, I took a *Passage* in the good  
Ship the *Andalucia*; and about the latter end of *January*, 1697. upon  
the dissolution of the hard *Frost*, I passed, with many others, by  
the *Night Tide*, in a *Wherry*, to *Gravesend*, where our *Floating Re-*  
*ceptacle* lay ready to take in *Goods* and *Passengers*; but our *Lady*  
*Thames* being put into a *Passion*, by the rude *Kisses* of an *Easterly*  
*Wind*, drew her *Smooth Face* into so many *Wrinkles*, that her ill-  
favour'd *Aspect* and *Murmurings*, were to me as *Terrible* as the  
*Noise* of *Thieves* to a *Miser*, or *Bailiffs* to a *Bankrupt*; and being  
pent up with my *Limbs*, in an awkward *Posture*, lying *Heads* and  
*Tails*, like *Essex Calves* in a *Rumford Waggon*, I was forc'd to  
endure the *Insolence* of every *Wave*, till I was become as *Wet* as  
a *New Pump'd Kidnapper*.

In this Condition I *Embark'd* about *Two a Clock* in the *Mor-*  
*ning*, where the *Chief Mair*, as *Master* of the *Ceremonies*, condu-  
cted me to a wellcome *Collation* of *Cheese* and *Bisket*, and presen-  
ted me with a *Magnificent Glass* of *Sovereign Flip*, prepar'd with  
as much *Art* as an *Appothecary* can well shew in the *mixing* of a  
*Cordial*. After this *Refreshment*, I betook my self to a *Cabin*, which  
fitted me so well, it sat as *tite* as a *Jacket* to a *Dutchman*, where I  
Slep till *Morning*, as close as a *Snail* in a *Shell*, or a *Maggot* in an  
*Apple*.



*Appel-Kemel.* Then Rising, and after I had survey'd our Wooden  
Territories, I began to Contemplate upon things worthy of a seri-  
ous Consideration, which stir'd up in me that Malignant Spirit of  
Poetry, with which I am oft times unhappily possess'd: And what  
my *Muse* dictated to me, her *Emanuelis*, I here present unto  
the Reader.

## A Farewell to ENGLAND.

**F**arewell my Country, and my Friends,

My Mistres, and my Wife,

In distant Regions, different Ends

My Genius now pursues.

Those Blessings which I held most dear,

Are, by my stubborn Destiny,

(That untimely'd Necessity)

Abandon'd from me, and no more appear.

Despair of Fortune makes me bold,

I can in Tempests Sleep,

And fearless of my Fate, behold

The Dangers of the Deep.

No Covetous desire of Life,

Can now my Careless Thoughts employ,

Banish'd from Friendship, Love, and Joy,

To view the Waves and Winds in equal Strife.

O'er threatening Billows can I fly,

And, unconcern'd, conceive

How here it's difficult to Die,

Than 'twas on Land to Live,

As me 'tis equal; Swim or Sink,

Smiling to my Fate can bow,

Bereft of Joy, I think it now

No more to Drunken than 'twas before to Drink,

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*Dear Friends with Patience bear the Load*

*Of Troubles, still to come,*

*Too Pitty as who range Abroad,*

*We Pitty you at Home.*

*Let no Oppression, Fears, or Cares*

*Make us our Loyalty Disband,*

*Which, like a well built Arch, should stand*

*The more secure, the greater Weight it bears.*

V.

*Farewell Applause, that vain Delight*

*The Witty fondly seek;*

*He's Bless'd who like a Dunce may Wrise,*

*Or like a Fool may Speak,*

*What ever Praise we gain to day,*

*Whether deservedly or no.*

*We to the Worlds Opinion owe,*

*Who does as oft Mis-take the same away.*

VI.

*Something there is, which reaches near,*

*I scarce can bid Adieu,*

*'Tis all my Hope, my Care, my Fear,*

*And all that I pursue.*

*'Tis what I Love, yet what I Fly,*

*But what I love not, must not Name,*

*Angels protect the Sacred Trum,*

*Till I to England shall Return, or Die.*

Towards the Evening the Captain came on Board, with the rest of our Fellow-Travellers, who, when we were altogether patch'd up as pretty a Society, as a Man under my Circumstances would desire to tumble into. There was Three of the Troublesome sort, as some call them, (tho' I never thought em so) whole Curious Anxieties, and Complacency of Temper, admitted of no other Emulation, but to strive who (within the bounds of Modesty) should be most obliging. One Unfortunate Lady was in pursuit of a Sir, a Husband who, in Jamaica, had feloniously taken to Wife (for the sake of a Plantation) a Lady-Fac & Craven, to the

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the great dissatisfaction of his Original Spouse, who had often declar'd (thro' the sweetness of her Disposition) That if he had Marri'd another Handsomer, ~~than herself, she would never have lov'd her;~~ but to be Rival'd by a Gipsy, a Tawny Face'd Moletoe Stumper, a Pumpkin colour'd Whore, no, her Honour would not suffer her to bear with patience so coroding an Indignity. The other Two were a pritty Maid, and a comly Widow; so that in these three, we had every Honourable State of the whole Sex: One in the State of Innocency, another of Fruition, the third of ~~Depression~~; and if we had but one in the State of Corruption, a Man might have pleas'd himself as well in our Little World, as you Libertines can do in the Great One.

I shall be too tedious if I at large Particularize the whole Company, I shall therefore Hustle them together, as a Morefields Sweetener does Luck in a Bag, and then you may Wink and Choose, for the Devil a Barrel the better Herring amongst us. We had one (as I told you before) Cherubimical Lass; who, I fear, had Lost her Self, two more, of the same Gender, who had lost their Husbands; two Parsons who had lost their Livings, three Broken Tradesmen, who had lost their Credit; and several, like me, that had lost their Wits; a Creolean Captain, a Superannuated Mariner, an Independent Merchant, an Irish Kidnapper, and a Monmouthian Scribbler-Man, all going with one Design, to patch up their Decay'd Fortunes.

Every thing being in Order for Sailing, the Pilot came on Board, who put on such a Commanding Countenance, that he look'd as Stern as a Sarazins Head; and the Sins of his Youth having crept into his Pedestals, he Limp'd about the Quarter Deck, like a Gipsy in Forms Pauperis upon a Mountebanks Stage, making as great a Noise in his Tarpaulin Cant, as a Young Couple in a Bed Chamber, or a Bachelor at a Bear-Garden. As soon as we had weigh'd Anchor, under the doleful Cry and hard Service of Haul, there was nothing heard till we reach'd the Downs, but ~~about six~~ my Calls, bring your Fore Tack on Board, haul Fore-Sail, haul, haul, haul, haul, haul, haul, and the Devil to do, That I was more Amaz'd than a Mouse at a Throsters Mill, or the Russian Ambassador at a Clap of Thunder.

By the help of Providence, the Pilots Care, and Seamens Industry, we sail'd late to Deal, where we Anchored three or four Days for a Barrowing. In which interim, the Prince of the Air had put'd up an unwelcome Blaft in the Night, which forc'd a Vessel upon the Coast. The next Morning the ~~several~~ Man of a Fleet of these Deal Steaming Vessels, made much immaterial work with the poor distressed Bark, that Gang of Scoundrels with an Execution, or a case of Hounds upon a Dead Horse, could not have appear'd more ~~garish~~ From thence, with a prosperous Gale, we made the best of our way into the wide Ocean, which Marriage is of such Profundity, that,



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that, like a *Man's Conscience*, or a *Woman's Conscience*, its never  
to be Fathom'd; but of late I have seen it, and I have seen it  
in the midst of Winter, and very Cold Weather, when we  
set out; but in a Fortnight's time we were got into a comfortable  
Climate, which yielded us so pleasant a warmth, than a Man might  
pluck off his Shirt upon Deck, and commit Murder upon his own  
Flesh and Blood till he was weary, without the danger of an Ague.  
It happened one Morning to hear two *Torjackets* in a very high  
Dispute: I went to them, and ask'd the reason of their Difference.  
Why Sir, says one, I'll tell you; there was my Master Whistlebooby, an  
old Boatswain, one of His Majesties Ships, who was Superhanded, and  
lost his Labour, and the Ambarakie Divorc'd him from his Ship, and the  
King allow'd him a Suspension, and this Lubbard Whelp here says I talk  
like a Fool, and sure I have not used the Sea since Thirty Years, but I can  
Argue as well as he can, and I am not to be out of the way of it.  
The chief Sports we had on Board, to pass away the tedious Hours,  
were *Hob, Spin the Murret, Shove the Slipper, Dilly Dally* and *Back-Games*,  
the latter of which prov'd as serviceable to me, as a *Book of  
Prudence*, or a *Confessors Manual*, or a *Psalter*, or a *Prayer-book*: For  
like the *Witch* who boasted of her Industry, I used to make my Days  
Labour worth Ten Shillings, or Half a Crown, or Two Pence, or a Great  
a Barrel. The most powerful Adversary I engag'd with, was a *Parson*,  
who, when the Bell rung to Prayers, would start up in the middle of  
a Hit, and lose his Patience whilst he step'd into the Great Cabin, and  
gain his sinful Congregation a Dram of Evangelical Comfort, and he  
would wait in vain, probably. But this Recreation, in which we took  
so much peculiar delight, was the Harmony we made, by the assistance  
of the two Heaven-drivers, in Lyricising over some *Amorous Sonnets*,  
and for varieties sake, now and then a *Psalm*, which our Canonical  
Hymns supply'd with an Penitential taste, as a *Sorrowful Offen-*  
*doring* in his *Lord's Prayer*, which I have not time to repeat, but which I  
had to do to the Serenity of the Weather, and the appearance of the  
offspring of a Spare-Hour, I had taken with me a *Flute*, and  
there being in Board a *Servant*, who (I suppose) had no great  
knowledge of *Music*, for when ever he heard me Tooting, he'd be  
howling which together made a Noise so surprising, that it frighted  
away all the other hands, and a Young Fellow who had been three  
Weeks on board, and had not yet lost his *Wit*, and was not yet  
a Slave, or made Slaves, I was in danger of being knock'd on the Head, or  
a Night, when we had well nigh lost our *Drum*, and our *Cannons*  
with a *Blow*, and a *Blow* of Right Honourable Punch, there arose a  
Storm, for which I had often wish'd, that I might not be a stranger to  
any Surprising Accident the Angry Elements, when at Variance,  
might afford us. The Heavens all round us (in as little time as a  
Clock) had put on a Malignant Aspect.

as if it threaten'd our Destruction; And *Edwin* gave us such unmerciful Puffs and Whiffs, that I was fearful to stand upon the *Quarter Deck*, lest, before my time, I should be snatch'd up to Heaven in a *Whirl-Wind*. From all the Corners of the Skie their darted forth such Beams of *Lightning*, that I vow'd to test the *Fire-Works* in *St. James's Square*, were no more to be compar'd to, than a *Gilworms Aisle* to a *Gotten Candle*, which were instantly succeeded with such Vollys of *Thunder*, from every side, that you would have thought the *Clouds* had been Fortifi'd with *Whole Canon*, and weary of being tost about with every Wind, were Fighting their way into a *Calmer Region* to enjoy their Rest. Then fell such an excessive *Rain*, that as we had one Sea under us, we fear'd another had been tumbling upon our Heads; for my part, I fear'd the very *Falling* of the Skie, and thought of nothing but *Clashing of Larks*. My Spirits being a little depress'd, by the apprehensions of the Danger we were under, I went down into the *Cabin*, to consult my *Brandy Cask* about taking of a *Draw*; where one of our *Ladies*, thro' want of better Accomodation, was forc'd to be Content with a *Cradle*, in which she was *Praying*, with as much Sincerity, for *Fair Weather*, as a *Farmer* for a *Kind Harvest*, or an *Old Maid* for a *Good Husband*. And I being greatly pleas'd at her most Importunate Solicitations, had given you a Repetition of one part, viz. *And if Thou hast Decreed, that we shall Perish in this Tempest, I most humbly beseech Thee to Punish with Foe, Barrenness, and Dry Belly Ach, that Adulterous Strumpet, who, by Robbing me of my Husband, hath been a means of bringing me to this Unhappy End; may her whole Life be continued consist of Sin without Remission, Repentance, or any other good Works, and be Damn'd with Devils, where I wish to be.* In which Instance, I was forc'd to offer our *Fore-Part*, real *Legs*, and came down the *Whip-Skiff*, the concluding we were going to the Bottom, Shred down, and fall into a *Fire* whilst I and my *Part*, together with my *Whip-Skiff*, stood to take the Advantage of so fair an Opportunity. In the two Harbours, in the two Harbours, and for varieties sake, now and then a *Plume*, which our *Captain* had in a doubtful Condition, between this World and the next, we labour'd till near Morning, about which time the *Sun* shined, as soon as Day-light appear'd, and the Serenity of the Weather had turn'd our *Frightful Apprehensions* into a little *Curiosity*; some of the Men, from my *Whip-Skiff*, sail bearing after us with all Expedition, and being no great distance from the Coast of *Italy*, a *yellow* vessel brought our *Officers*, of her being a *Man of War* belonging to that Country, they having, upon the Conclusion of the late Peace with *France*, Proclaim'd a War with *Spain*, so that we stand our selves now in as great Danger of being knock'd on the Head, or made Slaves, as we were before of being *Drown'd*. This *Alarm* kindled up a most terrible fear of approaching Danger, more terrible than the former we had for having *Swallow'd* the *Whip-Skiff* for which I had often had reason to be surpris'd. Accident the *Angry Elements* when at *Command* was given by our *Captain* to prepare for a Fight, down *Chairs*, by *Command* being the *Quart* *Deck*.



and every Man directed to his Post, by orders fix'd upon the *Mizzen-mast* in the *Steerage*; the *Bulkhead* and *Cabins* knock'd down, the *Deck* clear'd *Fore* and *Aft*, for every Man to have free access to his Business. When all things were in readiness to receive an Enemy, I took a walk on purpose to look about me, and was so animated with the Seamen's Activity and Industry, together with the smell of Sweat, Match, and Gun-powder, that like *Squire Witherington* in *Chive Chase*, I could have Fought upon my Stumps. By this time our suppos'd Enemy was almost come up with us, under *Quarter*, but his keeping close upon our *Quarter*, and not bearing off, gave us still reasons to mistrust him; but seeing him a small Ship, and ours a Vessel of 400 Tuns, 28 Guns, and about 50 Men, we fur'd our *Main-Sail* with all our Hands at once, as a stratagem to seem well Man'd; put our *Top-Sailes* aback, and lay by, to let 'em see we were no more Affraid than *Hurt*. We had on Board an *Irish-man* going over a *Servant*, who I suppose was *Kidnap'd*; I observ'd this Fellow, being quarter'd at a Gun, look'd as pale as a *Pickpocket* new taken: I ask'd him why he put on such a *Co-wardly* look; and told him 'twas a shame for a Man to shew so much Fear in his Countenance. Indeed Sir (said he) I cannot help it, I love the bate of a *Drum*, the Pop of a *Pistol*, or the Bounce of a *Musket* well enough, but, by my Shoul, the Roaring of a Great Gun always makes me start. I ask'd him whose *Servant* he was. By my Faith, said he, I cannot tell; I wash upon Change looking for a good *Master*, and a brave Gentleman came to me and ask'd me who I wash; and I told him I wash my own self, and he gave me some good Wine and good *Meat*, and brought me on Board, and I have not seen him since. By this time our Adversary was come within hearing, and upon our Hailing of him, prov'd a little Ship bound to *Guinea*, which put an end to our Fears, and made us fly to the *Punch-Bowl* with as much Joy as the Mob to a *Bonfire* upon a *States Holyday*.

After we had chas'd away the remembrance of our past Dangers, with a reviving draught of our *Infallible Elixir*, we began to be Merry as so many *Beggars* (and indeed were before as Poor) beginning to turn that into *Redicule*, which so lately had chang'd our *Jollity* into *Fear* and *Sadness*. When we had thus refresh'd our Bodies, and strengthen'd our Spirits, by passing round a *Health* to our Noble Selves, &c. 'twas thought high time by our Reverend Pastors, to return Thanks for our great Deliverance from the hands of our Enemies, tho' we had none near us, which was accordingly perform'd with all the Solemnity a parcel of *Merry Juvenal Wags* could compose themselves to observe.

By this time we were got into so warm a Latitude, that (God be thanked) a *Louse* would not live in it. We now began to thin our Dress, and had not Decency forbid it, could have gladly gone Naked, as our first Parents. Kissing here grew out of Fashion; there's no joyning of Lips, but your Noses would drop Sweat in your Mouths. The Sea, and other Elements, began now to entertain us with *Curiosities* in Nature worth observing, as *Crampos*, *Sharks*, *Porpus*, *Flying-Fish*, *Albacores*, *Bonettas*, *Delphin*, *Bottlenoses*, *Turtle*, *Blubber*, *Stingrays*, *Sea-Hadders*, and the Devil and all of Monsters without Names, and some without Shape. As for Birds, *Noddys*, *Boobies*, *Shearwaters*, *Shags*, *Pittermills*, *Men of War*, *Tropic Birds*, *Pelicans*, &c. I shall not undertake here to describe these Creatures, because some of them are so Frighfully Ugly, that if any Friends Wife with Child should long for the Reading of my Book, it should chance to make her Miscarry. But that which I thought most worthy of Observation, were the Clouds, whose various Forms, and beauteous Colours, were Inimitable by the Pencil of the greatest Artist in the Univer, Cities, Palaces, Groves, Fields, and Gardens; *Monuments*, *Cables*, *Armies*, *Bulls*, *Bears*, and *Dragons*, &c. as if the Air above us had been Frozen into a *Looking-Glass*, and shew'd us by Reflection, all the Rarities in Nature.

By this time we had gain'd the *Tropick*, and come into a *Trade-Wind*; the greatest of our fears being now a *Calm*, which is fine weather to please fearful Tempers; but it brings us more in danger of being Starv'd, than a Storm does of being Drown'd: Tho' it was our Fortune in a few Days after, to make the *Leward-Islands*, and put us



past the dread of so terrible a *Catastrophe*, those we pas'd in sight of were, *Desado*, a rare place for a Bird-catcher to be Governour of, Birds being the only Creatures by which 'tis inhabited; *Mount Serah*, *Antego*, *Mavis*, possess'd by the English; *St. Christopher*, by half English half French; *Roduada*, an uninhabitable high Rock. From amongst these *Caribbe Islands*, in a few days, we got to *Hispaniola*, without any thing remarkable; and from thence, in 24 Hours, with a fresh Gail, within sight of *Jamaica*, which (without Malice or Partiality) I shall proceed to give you some Account of.

### A Character of JAMAICA.

THE Dunghill of the Universe, the Refuse of the whole Creation, the Clippings of the Elements, a shapeless pile of Rubbish confus'dly jumb'd into an Emblem of the Chaos, neglected by Omnipotence when he form'd the World into its admirable Order. The Nursery of Heavens Judgments, where the Malignant Seeds of all Pestilence were first gather'd and scatter'd thro' the Regions of the Earth, to Punish Mankind for their Offences. The Place where *Ramond* fill'd her Bosom, where *Vulcan* Forg'd Joves Thunder-bolts, and that *Pheton*, by his rash misguidance of the Sun, scorcht into a Cinder. The Receptacle of Vagabonds, the Sanctuary of Bankrupts, and a Close stool for the Purges of our Prisons. As Sickly as an Hospital, as Dangerous as the Plague, as Hot as Hell, and as Wicked as the Devil. Subject to Tornadoes, Hurricans, and Earthquakes, as if the Island, like the People, were troubled with the Dry Belly Ach.

#### Of their Provisions.

THE chiefest of their Provisions is *Sea Turtle* or *Toad in a shell*, stew'd in its own Gravy; its Lean is as White as a Green-sickness Girl, its Fat of a Calves-turd Colour; and is excellently good to put a stranger into a Flux, and purge out part of those ill Humours it infallibly creates. The Belly is call'd *Galiper*, the Back *Callipack*, and is serv'd up to the Table in its own Shell, instead of a Platter. They have *Guana's*, *Hickeries*, and *Craws*, the first being an Amphibious Serpent, map'd like a Lizard, but black and larger, the second a *Amphibious Snake*, the last needs no Description, but are as numerous as Frogs in England, and Borrough in the Ground like Rabbits; so that the whole Island may be justly call'd, *A Crab-Warren*. They are Fattest near the *Pallasches*, where they will make a Skeliton of a Corps in as little time as a Tanner will Flea a Calk, for a Pound after Hunting devours a Shoulder of Mutton. They have Beef without Fat, Lean Mutton without Gravy, and Poultry as dry as the Udder of an Old Woman, and as tough as a Stake from the Haunches of a Superannuated Car Horse.

Milk is so plenty you may buy it for Fifteen Pence a Quart; but Cream is very scarce, that a Firkin of Butter, of their own making, would be so costly a Jewel, that the Richest Man in the Island would be unable to purchase it. They value themselves greatly upon the sweetness of their Pork, which is indeed delicious, but as flabby as the Flesh of one just risen from a Fluk, and ought to be forbid in all hot Countries (as amongst the *Jews*) for the prevention of *Leprosie*, *Scurvy*, and other Distempers, of which it is a good occasion.

There is very little Veal; and that Lean; for in England you may Nurse four Children much cheaper than you can one Calf in Jamaica. They have coarse Yeat, almost as big as English Ducks, and *Aschby Ducks* as big as Geese; But as for their Geese, they may be all Swans, for I never see one in the Island.

There are sandy sorts of Fish under *Indian Names*, without Scales, and of a Serpentine Complexion; they Bare as dry as a Shisk, and much stronger than stale Herrings or Old Ling; with Oyl'd Butter to the Sauce as rank as Goose-grease, improv'd with the palatable Relish of a Smoking Ambrose.

They

They make a rare Soup they call *Pepper-pot*; its an excellent Breakfast for a *Salamander*, or a good preparative for a *Mountebank's Agent*, who Eats Fire one day, that he may get better Victuals the next. Three Spoonfuls so Inflam'd my Mouth, that had I devour'd a Peck of *Horse-Radish*, and Drank after it a Gallon of *Brandy* and *Gunpowder*, (*Dives* like) I could not have been more importunate for a Drop of Water to coole my Tongue.

They greatly abound in a Beautiful Fruit, call'd, a *Cassia*, not unlike an *Apple*, but longer; its soft and very juicy, but so great an Acid, and of a Nature so Restricting, that by Eating of one, it drew up my Mouth like a *Flint-Fundament*, and made my Palate as Rough, and Tongue as Sore as if I had been Gargling it with *Star-Water*; From whence I conjecture, they are a much fitter Fruit to recover *Lost Maiden-heads*, properly apply'd, than to be Eaten. Of *Water-Mellons* and *Mus-Mellons* they have plenty; the former is of as cold a quality as a *Cucumber*, and will dissolve in your Mouth like Ice in a hot Frying-pan, being as Pleasant to the *Eater's* (and, I believe, as *Wholesome*) as a Cup of *Rock-Water* to a Man in a *Hetick Feavour*. The latter are large and luscious, but much too watery to be good.

*Coco-Nuts*, and *Physick-Nuts* are in great esteem amongst the Inhabitants; the former they reckon *Meat*, *Drink*, and *Cloth*, but the Eatable part is secur'd within so strong a Magazine, that it requires a lusty *Carpenter*, well Arm'd with *Ax* and *Hand-saw*, to hew a passage to the *Kernel*, and when he has done, it will not recompence his Labour. The latter is big as a *Filbert*, but (like a *Beautiful Woman* well Drest, and *Infectious*) if you venture to Taste, is of ill consequence: Their Shell is Black, and Japan'd by Nature, exceeding Art; the *Kernel* White, and extream Pleasant to the Palate, but of so powerful an Operation, that by taking two, my Guts were Sweep as clean, as ever *Tom-T-d-man* made a *Vault*, or any of the *Black Fraternity* a *Chimney*.

They have *Oranges*, *Lemons*, *Limes*, and several other Fruits, as *Sharp* and *Crabbed* as themselves, not given them as a *Blessing*, but a *Curse*; for Eating so many sower things, Generate a *Corroding Slime* in the Bowels, and is one great occasion of that Fatal and Intolerable Distemper, *The Dry Belly-Ach*; which in a fortnight, or Three Weeks, takes away the use of their Limbs, that they are forc'd to be led about by *Negro's*. A Man under this Misery, may be said to be the *Scutcheon* of the *Island*, the Completion of the Patient being the *Field*, bearing *Of*, Charg'd with all the Emblems of Destruction, *Woe*; supported by *Two Devils*, *Sable*; and *Death* the *Crest*, *Argent*. Many other Fruits there are, that are neither worth Eating, Naming, or Describing: Some that are never Tasted but in a *Drouth*, and others in a *Famine*.

#### Of Port Royal

IT is an Island distinct from the Main of *Jamaica*, tho' before the *Earthquake*, it was join'd by a Neck of Land to the *Palisado*; but was separated by the violence of an Inundation (tho' *God's Mercy*) to prevent the Wickedness of their Metropolis defusing it self by Communication, over all the Parts of the Country, and so call that Judgment upon the Whole, which fell more particularly upon the Sinfullest part.

From a spacious fine Built Town (according to Report) it is now reduc'd, by the *cocroachments* of the Sea, to a little above a quarter of a Mile in Length, and about half so much in Breadth; having so few remains left of its former splendour, I could think no otherwise, but that every Travellour who had given its Description, made large use of his *License*. The Houses are low, little, and irregular; and if I compare the Best of their Streets in *Port Royal*, to the *Fag-End* of *Kent-street*, where the *Broom-men* Live, I do them more than justice.

About



